The Contrasts of Splendor and Woe Seen Upon Them.

He. Talmage Says They Are Unlike the Democratic Gospel of Christ-Their Shams, Pretensions and Temptations.

(Washington, March 16. Copyright, 1399.) In this discourse Dr. Tulmage, who them all." has lived the most of his life in cities, draws practical lessons from his own observation; text, Proverbs 1:20: Wisdom crieth without. She uttereth her voice in the streets."

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the sponds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star in the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to a man to keep his heart right and to soms preaching of God's love, and the winter is a prophet—white-bearded denouncing woe against our sine. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature. But how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your mechanism, and to your work, and to your merchandise, and you come back again -and often with how different a heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil and pain and pleasare great harvests to be reaped, and harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without. She uttereth her voice in the atreets."

In the first place, the street impresses o'clock every day the city is jarring the breath of smokestacks and a-rush with traffickers. Once in awhile you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do, but, for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety on their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms and thousand her song of work, work, work, while the mills drum it and the steam whistles fife it. All this is not because men love to toil. Some one remarked: stands over you, ready whenever you

Can it be that passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business you do not learn anything of ask you to call? Does all the world the world's toll and anxiety and strug- know half as much as it pretends to gle? Oh, how many drooping hearts, know? Is there not many a wretched many miles traveled, how many bur- window? Passing up and down the dens carried, how many losses sutfered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many exasperations endured-what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pal- Oh, how many there are who swagger for, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at | natural and walk! While fops simper the corner of the street as the multi- and fools chuckle and simpletons gigtudes went hither and you, and it has gle, how few people are natural and ed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This tine go down the street in beautiful great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid tossed and turned aside and dashed ahead and their life away. I say these things not driven back-beautiful in its confusion and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods rom which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over is prepared for the conflict of this life whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam sprinkling the cracked cliffs with | Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, to King Eglon, and while he stands in is the best place to study God, but in | front of the king stabs him through the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man-

Going down to your place of business and coming home again I charge you to look about - see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, Christian charity. There are hunger bereavement - and as you go through the streets and come back ness in the country, but these evils through the streets, gather up in the chiefly congregate in our great cities. arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all | On every street crime prowls and the losses, all the sufferings, all the be- drunkenness staggers and shame reavements of those whom you pass winks and pauperism thrusts out its and present them in prayer before an hand asking for alms. Here want is all sympathetic God. In the great day | most squalid and hunger is most lean. of eternity there will be thousands of A Christian man going along a street persons with whom you in this world in New York saw a poor lad, and he never exchanged one word who will stooped and said: "My boy, do you rise up and call you blessed, and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in Heaven, saying: "That is the the question twice and thrice: "Can man, that is the woman, who helped you read and write?" and then the boy me when I was hungry and sick and wandering and lost and heartbroken. That is the man, that is the woman. you as Christ shall say: "I was bungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in pris | have seen him, and haven't I had to go on, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of the street, Te did it to me.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Glovesthate the sunburned from his study of the human organ-ism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his lab-and hiding a multitude of ains. Ob, oratory, where he has been studying Christian laymen, go out on this work. understand the harters of the soils. I seif, then give of your means, and if first United States soldier who died on bless God that all of the of people are you are too slingy to hes, then get out the "New Louisiana purchase."

the scavenger's cart, Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Impudenand modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh, that is what Solomon meant when "The rich and the poor meet he said: together. The Lord is the Maker of

I like this democratic principle of the have guined in society; you are nothing but man, born of the same parent. star. As in some of the cathedrals in in the same dust, to get up in the same

public concourse. Amid such affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot! Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temp-tation to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many sulcons of strong drink. what allurement to dissipation! In the maelstroms and hell gates of the street, shipwreck! If a man-of-war comes Are there no tufts of truth growing up back from a battle and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bulure, the slow tread of old age and the nuick step of childhood? Aye, there miration on the flag that floated in victory from the masthead. But that man now I thrust in the sickle because the is more of a curiosity who has gone through 30 years of the sharpshooting of business life and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh, how many have gone down under me with the fact that this life is a the pressure, leaving not so much as seene of toil and struggle. By ten the patch of canvas to tell where they perished! They never had any peace. with wheels and shuffling with feet and humming with voices and covered with ears. If I had an ax and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of poor man's sweat. Oh, is it strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him and the earthquake to swallow him and the fires to consume him and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of Heaven are distribdray with a load of goods, digging a uted some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faitha horse, or building a wall, or mending | ful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the eyes and thousand feet, goes on singing | street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

the fact that life is full of pretension "Every man is as lazy as he can afford and sham. What subterfuge, what to be." But it is because necessity double dealing, what two-facedness! with stern brow and with uplifted whip Do all people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? relax your toil to make your shoulders Do all people who shake hands love each other? Are all those auxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who with a br streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that society is hollow and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? and strut and how few people who are laugh! The courtesan and the liberapparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem but I do not think any man until he knows this particular peril with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for and suffering and want and wretchedknow how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked

answered with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said, in defiance: "No. sir: I can't read nor write And the bleszing will come down upon | neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't He take away father so long ago I never remember to along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks, and basket, have to go out and pick up cinders and never have no schooling, sir? of society must commingle. We some- God don't want me to read, sir. I can't times culture a wicked exclusiveness. read nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, hand, and the high forehead despises they take their first step on the road to the flat head, and the trim hedgerow despair. Let us go forth in the name will have nothing to do with the wild of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue wood, and Athens bates Naz- them. Let us ministers not be afraid areth. This ought not so to be. The of solling our black clothes while we astronomer must come down from his go down on that mission. While we starry revelry and help us in our navi- are tying an elaborate knot in our The surgeon must come away cravat or while we are in the study

If you are not willing to go forth your-self, then give of your means, and if

compelled to meet on the street. The of the way and hide yourself in the gilttering coach wheel clashes against dens and caves of the earth, lest when Christ's charlot comes along the horses' hoofs trample you into the mire. Heware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. Down to work! Lift them up! One cold winter's day, as a Christian

man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate, shivering in the coid. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for this cold day?" "Oh," she rereplied, "I am waiting-I am waiting gospel of Jesus Christ which recog-nizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs, whatever position you and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week, and I was erving very much, and she said: 'Don't regenerated by the same Spirit, cry, dear. Though I am gone and your cleansed in the same blood, to lie down father is gone, the Lord will send some such dis body to take care of you.' My mother Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument all acknowledge not only the Father-would come and take care of mc, and I responds musically to the other, so in bood of God, but the brotherhood of am waiting for them to come." Oh, yes, they are waiting for you. Men who have money, men who have influence, men of churches, men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one

spring upon us from these places of of these little ones should perish. Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made un all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the street I hear the tramp of a how many make quick and eternal great host marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that bleszed place. A great throng fills those boulevards, and the streets are a-rush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toll. A river flows through the city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and the trees of life, laden with everlasting fruitage, bend their branches into the crystal.

No plumed hearse rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein, they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty. gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, Heaven, beautiful Heaven! Heaven, where our friends are! They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery sweeping all around the heavens. Thou sands of thousands, millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh, start for it to-day! Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God take up your march to Heaven. "The Spiritand 'he bride say, Come, and whosoever will let him come and take the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching Heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

Again, the street impresses me with TOASTED HER GRANDCHILDREN The Most Flendish Deed of an Ages Negress of Sheridan, Arkapsas.

News has just reached Pine Bluff, Ark., of the fiendish and barbarous deeds of an aged negress of Sheridan, a town 25 miles west of Pine Bluff, in Grant county. Several days since a white man passing the house of "Aunt Martha," 'his negress, heard heartrending cries within, and, stepping to the door, witnessed a sight which made his blood run cold. There, suspended over the flames, was Aunt Martha's four-yearold grandebild, being, as the negress termed it, "singed like a goose," over a year the grandchildren of this human fiend have been dying at regular intervals of about five months, about four of them having passed away. Sheridan people now recall the fact that before the death of each severe burns would be noted upon its body, and believe each one has been a burnt sacrifice of Aunt Martha. The Sher-Idan authorities will fully investigate the affair.

HEAD OF A NUMEROUS FAMILY John Chandler Is Father, Grandtather and Great-Grandfather

To be the head of a family of 162 persons is a record seldom falling to the lot of man. But such is the case with John Chandler, who resides in Allen

This gentleman is the father of 29 children, 21 of whom are now living and have families. These 31 childre have an average of five children to each family, thus making Mr. Chandler the grandfather of 105 persons. But this is not the full extent of his offspring, for he has 35 great-grandchildren. So it will be seen that Mr. Chandler stands paterfamilias of 162-an achievement

rarely equaled. Mr. Chandler is a remarkable man in several other respects. Although 75 years of age, and residing in the hills of Allen county, he reads current literature and keeps himself informed on the leading topics of the day. He is an expert rifle shot, and spends a great deal of his time squirrel hunting.

Area of the Philippines. The area of the Philippines, accord ing to the treasury monthly summary for December, is 144,326 square miles, This is equal to the combined area of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut. didn't I, as soon as I could carry a It is very near the area of Arizona or of Illinois and Iowa combined. The population is given at 6,990,000.

An Armless Baby. An armless child born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Miller, of Venedy, Ill., is attracting a great deal of attention and is the wonder of medical men as well as other people. The attending physicians say that the boy's healthy and will survive. Besides having no arms, the child has only one-half of a

Want May 14 Specially Remembered The Floyd Memorial association, with headquarters at Sloux City, In. wants May 14 set aside by all the pub lie schools in the Missouri river valley for special services and addresses in houor of Sergt. Charles Playd, the DOWN ON COLUMBUS.

the Spansards Would Have

mentically humorous ex-genists is their utter inner. Some Americal and that when the in with the war they stopher Columbus for "America, the Madrid of the updiction by so-

Cristobal Colon has turned out to be the evil gerius of Spain.

It is evident that if the old mariner had been content with staying in the Mediterranean and had not gone about bothering monarcha to turnish him the means of discovering the new world Spain would have no colonies, and finying none she could not lose them. 'It's ill taking the treeks off a Helander,' sape the Scotch proverb, and by the same logic, if it had not been for the mischievous activity of Columbus Spain would have been thoroughly guarded against such disasters as have now befallen her.

But even upon the Spainsh method of reasoning—that Columbus was at fault and not the ages of blinder and cruelty which have wiped out the Spainsh ownership of nearly half the world—our Madrid friends forget that Columbus gave them three centuries of squeezing the colonies that followed his discoveries in South America, and four in Cuba and Porto Ricc. Inasmuch as Columbus was thrown into disfavor and prison while he lived, we should say that the balance between him and Spain was still in his favor.—Pittaburgh Dispatch.

THE HOTEL POTENTATE.

One of the Old Sort Who Wore th Air of a Monarch of the Highest Order.

"When I was in business with W. C. Coup, the famous circus man," said Mr. J. A. Whyte, the impresario, "we once had occasion to make a business trip to the northwest, and stayed a week or so in a certain big city, the name of which isn't essential to the story. We put up at the leading hotel, which is one of the finest and best known in the United States, and would have enjoyed ourselves if it hadn't been for the head clerk. He was one of a breed that has since become obsoicte—thank heaven!—a haughly, disdainful potentate, who considered it beneath his dignity to show the slightest courtesy to any of the guests of the hone. Mr. Coup, as all who knew him will confirm, was a polished man of the world, totally careless of money, never complaining, but accustomed to punctilious service. He bumped against the majestic ruler of the register several times and endured his affronts in silence. At last he told me quietly to secure quarters at another hotel, which I was only too glad to do. I reported that arrangements had been made, and he went down to settle our account. What is our bill, Mr. King? he asked suavely. 'My name's not King, 'snapped the clerk, and proceeded to figure up the amount. Coup took out his pocketbook. 'Strange,' he said pensively, 'but I have been under the impression all along that your name was King. 'Well, my name ani't King,' retorted the clerk, 'and I don't know how you got that idea.' 'Nor I,' said Coup, 'unless it was because you act so much like one.' "—N. O. Times-Democrat.

HIS CONDITION.

He Was Just Plain Lazy, Withou Any of Your Frills or Ornaments.

"Howdy do, Mr. Jarlick?" saluted Dr. Slaughter, an Arkanasa physician. "How is your health to-day?"

"Are you asking as a physician or merely as a friend?" returned Mr. Jarlick, a mossgrown, but shrewd native.

"As a friend, of course!"

"Wa all, then, Doc. I'm feelin' kinder sawter, so to express it. Ain't sick enough to go to bed, nor well enough to do anything that looks like work. Ain't rich enough to need a vacation, nor poor enough not to feel like I want one. Can't say I'm too durn big an' husky for any body to believe the latter. The simple fact of the case is that I'm truthful enough to own up that I'm lazy, without any frills or ornaments—jest plain lazy, an' honest enough to confess it. That's all in the world is the matter with me."—Puck.

Waiter In a Dilemma.

Waiter in a Dilemma.

It was in one of the large downtown res-taurants that the short little woman and her tall husband went to dinner one night.

"Yill you have oysters?" asked the man, flancing over the bill of fare.

"Yes," said the short little woman, as she tried in vain to touch her toes to the floor.

"And, John, I want a hassock."

John nodded and, as he handed his order to the waiter he said: "Yes, and bring a aasock for the lady."

"One hassock?" asked the waiter, with chast John houselft more than ordinary inches that has have the said: "Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Arkenses.

"One hassock?" asked the waiter, with what John thought more than ordinary interest, as he nodded in the affirmative. Still the waiter did not go, but brushed the table loth with a towel and rearranged the articles on it several times, while his face got sery red. Then he came around to John's side and, speaking sotto voce, said: "Say, nister, I haven't been here long, and I'm sot on to all these things. Will the lady have the hassock boiled or fried?"—Chicago Chroniele.

For a Culinary Reason. "Pa," said little Willie "why is a bad tetor called a "ham?"
"Perhaps," his father replied, "because re's so often served with eggs."—Catholic standard and Times.

The pen may be mightier than the sword; but it is always the pen that tells you so.— Fown Topics. A high-toned young man-The tenor singer.-Christian Work.

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The bell may be very musical, but it does tot make the engine go.—Ram's Horn.

THE MARKETS. New York, March 20

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